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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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The Week

THE rebel forces in Spain drew somewhat closer to Madrid during the week ending October 20, and predicted with increasing confidence the fall of the capital. The most important news about Spain, however, came from Moscow, where there were persistent reports that Soviet Russia was on the point of repudiating the neutrality compact, on the ground of its flagrant violation by Italy, Germany and Portugal. Substantial military aid to the Spanish government from the U.S.S.R. would undoubtedly have an important effect on the war. . . . Additional evidence of the present weakness of the League, Locarno and the system of collective security was given when Belgium made public her intention of renouncing the present military arrangements with France. Thereafter, she will seek complete neutrality on a basis of her own military strength. . . . Reports from the Orient indicated that the Chinese government intends to offer military resistance to the impending seizure by Japan of the five northern provinces. . . . As Germany raised difficulties regarding a new conference of the Locarno powers, Hitler extended Göring's powers, making him virtually economic dictator for the next four years. . . . Premier Blum, in France, pleaded for harmony among the groups in the People's Front, with a warning that another general election at this time might produce a swing to the Right. . . . A new constitution was promulgated for Cuba, resembling the European political system much more closely than our own. . . . The possibility that King Edward VIII may marry his friend, Mrs. Ernest Simpson, was a *cause célèbre* throughout the world—except, that is, in the British Empire.

POLITICS received about 90 percent of the public attention in the United States as the campaign entered its final fortnight. Both the leading presidential candidates made a series of speeches without adding materially to the national store of light and learning. Former President Hoover attacked, and Secretary Morgenthau defended, the budgetary bookkeeping of the present administration. Senator Arthur Vandenberg had a radio speech censored, in part, when he sought to transmit over the air phonograph records of certain excerpts from Mr. Roosevelt's addresses, accompanied by his own replies. . . . Gerald L. K. Smith, who is competing with Father Coughlin for the role of No. 1 potential fascist, announced a new and heavily financed vigilante organization to fight radicalism. . . . Negotiations to heal the breach between the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. continued to be stalemated. . . . H. R. Ekins, a reporter on The New York World-Telegram, flew around the world, using commercial airlines most but not all of the way, in slightly less than nineteen days. . . . There was increasing likelihood of a strike of seamen and longshoremen on the Pacific Coast on October 28, as the employers evinced their determination to destroy the gains made by the maritime workers in the strike two years ago. . . . Southern social customs were shattered as Negro and white members of the American Legion dined in the same room, at adjacent tables, in Winchester, Virginia.

MILITARY news from Spain looks exceedingly bad for the government, and at last the rebel generals may be correct in predicting the fall of Madrid within a few days. The semicircle of attackers has

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been rapidly closing in as position after position has fallen into their hands. Cavalry and battle planes spraying troops with machine guns have been most effective in this advance. The departure of President Azaña and the other members of the government for Barcelona indicates the desperate situation, in spite of the reassuring pronouncements by which this removal has been accompanied. If Madrid is captured, however, the war will not be over. There are increased indications that Moscow is in desperate earnest about either stopping the shipment of war materials to the insurgents or giving definite aid to the government on her own account—though the nature of the contemplated assistance is being carefully concealed. The dilatory and obstructive handling of her protest by the British government, which apparently is incapable of seeing the danger involved in ignoring realities, may force the Soviet Union's hand and lead to the international intervention which the British have feared from the very beginning. If genuine neutrality had been enforced, as Britain could have enforced it through her influence on Portugal and her command of the seas, the rebels would have been stalled at the beginning of their drive, and intervention, with its concomitant danger of international complications, would have been averted.

THERE were some interesting happenings in Chicago on October 14, when President Roosevelt received such an extraordinary demonstration before and during his speech. We are informed by eye witnesses that the hundred thousand or so persons who paraded through the streets on their way to the Chicago Stadium showed remarkable hostility to some of the city's own newspapers. This hostility was directed toward Colonel Frank Knox's Daily News, The Tribune and most of all toward the Hearst papers. Many thousands of persons, we are told, as they marched past the Hearst Building, indulged in savage booing; important Hearst executives stood in their office windows and listened to long continued roars of disapprobation. Perhaps it was only coincidence, but next day's issue of the Hearst journals showed a sudden and marked reduction in the bilious hatred of Mr. Roosevelt previously exhibited. They did not join, it is reported, in the orthodox Republican charge that the entire demonstration was staged by Democratic bosses and that the marchers were really Landonites at heart.

A CURIOUS political exchange took place last week. Mr. James M. Warburg, an authority on finance and commerce, who has written several books excoriating the New Deal for what he supposed was its tendency to national planning and regimentation, has come out for President Roosevelt on the ground that his international policy of reciprocal tariff reduction and monetary stabilization is the only possible basis for a liberal economic order, and that the Republicans are hostile to the Roosevelt policies in this fundamental realm of action. Mr. Amos Pinchot, long known about the fringes of liberal and progressive movements, and just the sort of man one would expect to find favoring Mr. Roosevelt, has declared his support of Landon on the ground that the President is tending in a socialistic direction, while the Republican candidate is a true apostle of economic liberalism. Of the two judgments, we believe Mr. Warburg's is the more realistic, for liberalism certainly cannot survive in a world of high tariffs, trade restrictions and economic nationalism. These very things in the past gave rise to much of the need for the so-called socialistic measures of the New Deal. Mr. Pinchot's progressivism has always been colored by the fear of socialism; he has on that account espoused a number of other panaceas ranging from the single tax to monetary reform. We suspect, however, that neither gentleman will be able to stop the long-term trend toward a socialized order, whether he votes for Mr. Roosevelt or whether he votes against him.

IN THE great dispute between Senator Vandenberg and the Columbia Broadcasting System, it seems to us that both sides were wrong. Senator Vandenberg must have known that a large part of all his hearers, listening to Mr. Roosevelt's voice coming to them as part of the same program, would certainly have supposed he was actually present in the studio and getting much the worst of the debate —since almost anyone can be argued down if his opponent can select what he is to say, and at what length he may say it. It was a subterfuge that was unworthy of Mr. Vandenberg, who in the past has been conspicuously more fair than many of his Republican colleagues. The Columbia System was also wrong, it seems to us, in not finding out sooner what Mr. Vandenberg intended to do and pointing out to him that it was a violation of both their own technical rules and the spirit of fair play. Alternatively, they might have used the device The New Republic suggested at the time of the famous squabble between the painter, Diego Rivera and the Rockefellers. We suggested that the Rivera murals in Radio City be left in place, accompanied by a large printed sign saying that the Rockefellers did not endorse Mr. Rivera's radical ideas. C.B.S. could well have had one of its own important officials say, before and after the Vandenberg address: "Mr. Roosevelt is not in the studio. You are hearing only brief selections from a phonograph record of his voice. We think Senator Vandenberg's idea is unfair, but in the interest of free speech, we are putting his 'debate' on the air."

DOES any reader of The New Republic know of one American newspaper that has published, and intends to publish, nothing about Mrs. Ernest Simpson, her divorce and her friendship for King Edward? If so, we should like to subscribe. (It will probably turn out to be The Christian Science

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Monitor, which we are already receiving.) The handling of this story in the American press in recent weeks is another case of that scandalmongery, that unholy glee over discussions of the private life of prominent persons, that causes college professors of sociology to wag their gray beards sadly about the vulgarity and vapidity of our journalism. A royal marriage is of course a matter of legitimate public interest; but if these two people, both in middle life, have fallen in love under conditions which make marriage extremely difficult, perhaps impossible, that seems to us to be their own business. Perhaps it is true, as charged, that the British press is displaying a brand of Nice Nellyism in refusing to mention the subject; but the American press is showing enough Dirty Doraism to keep the general average for the two countries painfully high.

AGAINST the earnest protests of large numbers of its alumni, faculty and student body, Harvard University last summer sent an official delegate to the five hundredth anniversary celebration of the Universary of Heidelberg. It now develops that the compliment was by no means returned, for the German universities apparently went to some lengths to make sure that no German university would send a delegate to Harvard's recent celebration of its own tercentenary. Part of the Harvard observance consisted of summoning eminent scholars from all over the world to participate in an extended symposium upon the state of knowledge today. Many of these scholars were given honorary degrees by Harvard. The celebration was opened with a ceremony in which official delegates from the great universities of the world conveyed the formal greetings of their institutions to Harvard. This is what the German scholars were expressly forbidden to do. Men like Hans Spemann, Nobel prize winner in physiology and professor at the University of Freiberg, Werner William Jaeger, professor of Greek at Berlin, and Friedrich Bergius of Heidelberg, all of them active faculty members of their universities, were at Harvard and the only possible interpretation of their insistence upon the status of individuals is that their universities did not want to send official delegates. Such was the reward that President Conant got for his decision to participate in Heidelberg's fête on the grounds that universities, as world centers of truth, were above politics. The trouble is that he wasn't dealing with universities. He was dealing with Nazis.

MINOR parties are experiencing the usual difficulties this year in getting their candidates on the ballots of various states. Up to now, with some contests still going on, the Socialist Party will not be on the ballot in Florida, Idaho, Louisiana, Nebraska, Nevada, North Carolina, Ohio, South Dakota and Utah. In all these states except Nevada, where it is not permissible, a write-in campaign is being carried on. The Communist Party will not be on the ballot, unless last-minute efforts are successful, in Arizona, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Kansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Nebraska, Nevada, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota and West Virginia. It is still making a legal fight to get on in Illinois and Tennessee. The Union Party is missing from the ballots of California, Florida, Nevada, New Jersey, North Carolina and Virginia, and will appear as the Union Progressive Party in Illinois, the Royal Oak Party in Pennsylvania, and under a name not yet selected in Michigan. The Socialist Labor Party will appear on the ballots of seventeen states—Colorado, Connecticut, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, Oregon, Rhode Island, Virginia, Washington and Wisconsin—and will also be on the ballot in Michigan as the Industrial Party, in Ohio as the Social Labor Party, and in Pennsylvania as the Industrial Labor Party.

CURRENT hearings before the Federal Communications Commission on the reallocation of wave lengths have brought out an interesting new tactic of the large radio broadcasting stations. As reported in Variety, three well established stations —WJR, Detroit, WGAR, Cleveland, and WCAO, Baltimore—are now offering a portion of their stock for sale to the general public. Others are said to be considering such a sale. This maneuver becomes of interest in view of the fact that broadcasting stations are allowed to operate by virtue of short-term renewable licenses (presented free of charge by the government) and the recipient must sign an acknowledgment that he has no vested interests in the air and that the federal government has a right at any time to refuse to renew the license. As radio tends more and more to gravitate into the hands of concentrated, powerful groups, the difficulty of breaking into the circle becomes constantly greater and there is an ever increasing demand for a reshuffle. Here is where the idea of a stock sale comes in. If a station has some shares distributed among the public it can always count upon a nucleus with which to drum up a show of loyal listeners who will support the station's declaration that it is serving public convenience and necessity. If the renewal of the license is still in doubt, the station can go on to shed that most venerable of crocodile tears in American industry—think of the widows and orphans.

ONE of the many projects that was temporarily shelved during the last few years was the construction of a power plant at the Flathead River, Montana, power site on the Flathead Indian reservation there. The Rocky Mountain Power Company, sired by the Montana Power Company, had been given a license by the Federal Power Commission in May, 1930, which was a little gem of vicarious generosity on the part of the government, as it required only

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the guarantee, by Montana Power, of actual construction, and made no provision for compensation of any kind to the Indians. Then the ready-made market for the power, which had been the principal reason for granting the license to an affiliate of Electric Bond and Share rather than an independent operator, collapsed, along with the copper industry, and work at Flathead stopped. When the company came to renew its license it was confronted by what it probably considered an unfair attitude on the part of the government, which wished to add conditions of benefit to the Indians. The company resisted, but other power developments were being built and there were rumors of a Northwest Power Authority, so in July of this year the company came to terms, and construction was begun July 20 on a plant to produce 77,000 h.p. Under the present conditions the Montana Power Company guarantees fulfilment of the entire contract, which runs for fifty years, and will pay the Flathead Indians some $7,300,000. There is a penalty of $500 a day for delay in completing the project after May 23, 1939, and preference in employment is given to the Indians. It is pleasant to record that some Indians are getting a break.

AMERICAN diplomatic and consular officials in Europe are accused of misrepresenting and betraying the policies of their government in an article by Gordon Rend in a recent issue of The American Spectator. The author charges that a consul in Switzerland, for instance, suggested to an influential newspaper a source for "really authentic" news about America. The source turned out to be an attorney for one of the great public-utility combines and the result was one of those familiar "squandering of astronomical sums . . . drift toward Marxian anarchy . . ." stories. The Swiss editor protested that the story must be accurate, because the source was suggested by an American government official. Rend says that the actual ambassadors in most countries are able and conscientious men. The undermining is done mainly by the career men on the embassy staffs and in the consular service. In London, some of the under-secretaries are said to assure their Tory friends that the President's peace talk at home is just for political purposes and that if there is another war America will be right in it, especially if the dear old Empire is in danger. Career men in Germany are accused of being so friendly with Nazi bigwigs that one consul is referred to by the local populace as a Storm Trooper and many consuls are said to use all kinds of technicalities and evasions in order to deny visas and thus block the way for Jewish refugees trying to escape from Nazi persecution. Not all the charges are anonymous, and in many instances the author gives names and dates. We have no way of knowing whether these accusations are true, but they are brought by a responsible journalist in a responsible magazine and the charges are grave enough to warrant an investigation.

Republican Bull's-Eyes

WE HAVE been scanning important Republican speeches in the campaign to find passages that might appear to reasonable persons holding opinions similar to ours as legitimate criticism of the Democratic administration. We have noted three. The truth is of course never wholly on one side of a political debate, and it is fair to give the Republicans their due.

The strongest of these passages occurs, strangely enough, in Mr. Herbert Hoover's address in Philadelphia, attacking the scoreboard of governmental finance that Mr. Roosevelt hung up in his Pittsburgh speech. We have had to disapprove of Mr. Hoover's use of figures so often in the past that it is a pleasure now to be able to agree with him in part.

Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau has effectively disposed of two of Mr. Hoover's criticisms. The great engineer himself began the segregation of trust funds, so that expenditures out of them were not listed under regular expenses. And it has been the practice for many years to credit to revolving funds the repayments of expenditures made under them, instead of returning these repayments to the Treasury to be subject to congressional appropriation, as Mr. Hoover now says they should be returned. If this had not been so, the record of Mr. Hoover's own spendings, as for instance under the Federal Farm Board, would have been much larger than it is. But, in our opinion, Mr. Morgenthau has given only an evasive and unconvincing answer to Mr. Hoover's charges about the classification of the budget itself.

In the early part of his administration, Mr. Roosevelt divided the federal budget into two parts, an extraordinary budget and an ordinary one. The extraordinary budget was supposed to consist entirely of relief and recovery expenditures, to be covered by borrowing, and the ordinary budget was supposed to represent the regular running expenses of government that would go on, depression or no depression. These expenses (including interest and amortization on the debt) were to be covered by current revenue from taxation. It was in the ordinary budget that the economies Mr. Roosevelt had promised were to take place, and it was this budget that, according to his pledge, was to be balanced.

Now we do not, like Mr. Hoover, regard this accounting device as dishonest in itself, so long as the accounts are kept accurately and the figures are published. It ought to be a useful aid to knowing how much the depression is costing us, and how much ordinary government services are costing. And it was quite legitimate, in fact necessary, to borrow and spend large amounts to fight the depression, while keeping taxes high enough to cover regular running expenses, no matter what Mr. Roosevelt promised in his campaign. If he mean

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to promise that total government expenditures ought to be reduced under the level prevailing in Mr. Hoover's administration, the promise was better broken than kept, and if Mr. Hoover or any other Republican really thinks that such a pledge ought to have been redeemed, we are doubly glad that the Republicans have not been in office since 1932, and probably will not be before 1940.

Nevertheless, Mr. Hoover is entirely correct in complaining that the accounts have not been kept for the purpose Mr. Roosevelt announced when he set up the two budgets. Large amounts from the extraordinary budget have been used to cover ordinary government expenses. The result is that the saving in the ordinary budget looks greater than it really is, and we shall be badly fooled if we believe that federal expenditures can ever be returned to that level, or anywhere near it. Without much more careful study of the figures we cannot vouch for the accuracy of Mr. Hoover's detailed charges on this score. Nevertheless it is obviously ridiculous to assume, as the ordinary budget figures appear to show, that the cost of running the Department of Commerce has been reduced 75 percent under that in the last year of the Hoover administration, or that the cost of the Department of Agriculture has dropped 80 percent (not accounting for the A.A.A.). And of course it is well known that military and naval expenditures, which have greatly increased, have been charged up to "relief." The plain fact is that the cost of government has gone up, and we ought to recognize it. We would add to Mr. Hoover's argument merely that the cost of government ought to have gone up, and that it would have done so under any administration that half-way did its job. For when business is idle, government has to be extremely busy.

The next passage of importance was found in Governor Landon's attack on the Social Security Act. We have already commented on this attack and need not repeat the discussion at length. The Act is a faulty piece of legislation, as we argued before it was passed, and Mr. Landon echoes a number of the points made in criticism of it. Unfortunately, however, his conclusion is that the federal government should do less in this direction instead of more. The chief defects of the law arose through the desire to leave as much as possible to the several states. Mr. Landon wants to go further in the direction that led to the faults he criticizes.

Finally, we agree with several of the Republican criticisms of the relief program. It was hastily improvised, and changed several times without good reason. The chief fault of its present form—the W.P.A.—is the fact that work relief is so largely substituted for cash relief. Although in some cases work relief has produced good results, in too many it consists in setting people at jobs that they do not know how to do, or at jobs that need not be done, and in paying them inadequately. The argument that such a policy maintains self-respect and ability to work seems to us fallacious in view of the nature and circumstances of many of the projects. But our substitute would have been quite different from that suggested by the Republicans. They want to spend less for relief, and place it as far as possible under local administration, which has already corrupted it with an enormous amount of politics and inefficiency. We advised spending a great deal more on needed public works, on housing and the like, for which regular workers would have been engaged at regular wages. This stimulation would substantially have reduced the number needing relief. Those still unemployed should have received cash payments through a nationally integrated system of public employment exchanges, which, because it could offer them jobs as rapidly as jobs were available, would also know when need was legitimate. But Mr. Landon wants to delay the adoption of unemployment insurance by taking the federal government out of that enterprise entirely.

Three bull's-eyes of criticism for the Republicans. But, when it comes to action of their own, they intend to shoot with their backs to the target.

$5 for a Landon Man

A FORTNIGHT ago, in our issue of October 14, The New Republic offered $5 for the name of "an American citizen, of either sex, of recognized intellectual distinction and progressive outlook, who was willing to admit publicly that he intends to vote for Landon and to state his reasons." The offer grew out of the fact that when we wrote to a large number of distinguished Americans, of a generally progressive attitude, asking them for whom they intend to vote this year, only one of the entire number gave Mr. Landon as his choice, and this gentleman was unwilling to have his name published.

Our offer has produced a small snowstorm of letters containing nominations. A few of these were anonymous, and ruled out for that reason. Some persons overlooked our stipulation that no one could nominate himself. Several of the letters were, we strongly suspect, ironic, but their nominees have been included. We find in a number of the replies one or the other of two misconceptions. The first is that The New Republic made its offer on the assumption that it could not possibly be met. Such an inference is without justification. The second error was to assume that we asked for the name of a "liberal." Liberalism is too vague to be used any longer as a definition of a political tendency, and is best used to describe a quality of mind. We asked for the nomination of a progressive, which means, obviously, a person definitely and positively interested in progressive political ideas and actions.

The largest number of nominations received thus far have been of President Ernest M. Hopkins of Dartmouth. The next largest number nominated Dr. Anton J. Carlson, professor of Psychology at

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the University of Chicago. Former Governor Alfred E. Smith received several votes, some, at least, of which we suspect of being facetious. William Allen White, author and newspaper publisher of Emporia, Kansas, was mentioned by several correspondents, as was Charles P. Taft. Others receiving multiple mention are H. L. Mencken, Walter Lippmann, Henry Ford, former Governor Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania and his brother, Amos Pinchot. Among the additional selections of well known individuals are President Glenn Frank of the University of Wisconsin; Professor Frank A. Fetter of Princeton; William Hard and George Sokolsky, journalists; O. O. McIntyre, the syndicated columnist; Felix and James Warburg; Whitney Seymour; President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University; Dr. R. A. Millikan, the physicist; and two popular authors, Booth Tarkington and Clarence Budington Kelland. (Since then, Mr. James Warburg has changed his mind.) Governor Landon was also mentioned, on the reasonable assumption that he intends to vote for himself. No nominations of women have been received.

The winner or winners (for The New Republic reserves the right to make several awards if they seem justified) will be announced next week.

Belgium Returns to Neutrality

BELGIUM last week announced her intention of abandoning her present alliance with France and returning to the neutrality that was her policy before August, 1914. This time she does not expect that her neutral position will be guaranteed by international agreement. She will fortify her borders, maintain a comparatively large and mobile military force and trust to luck. The change in her status is not to be made overnight: she maintains her existing treaty obligations for the present, merely recording her intention, at the next meeting of the Locarno powers, of refusing to continue the status quo. As a Belgian spokesman expresses it, his country does not intend to become another Ethiopia. It will not place its reliance upon a system of collective security that no longer exists.

The usual flock of rumors has accompanied this action. It is suggested that French financial interests, seeking to discredit the People's Front in their own country, have brought pressure to bear on Belgium. It is also argued that the shift in orientation represents a triumph for Hitler's diplomacy, and perhaps one achieved by a secret agreement between Belgium and Germany. In any case there is sufficient reason for Belgium's action without looking farther than the surface facts.

It is perfectly clear that whatever validity the device of collective security through the League and Locarno may have had—and it was never very much—has now departed. For fifteen years after the end of the War the European system was based upon an iron ring around Germany and the continued military impotence of that power. Today, Germany is no longer impotent. One by one she is breaking the bonds forged in 1918, and nobody dares to stop her, since the heads of the British and French governments believe that to do so would merely mean an early war instead of a late one. They may be wrong, but that is their decision and it is a fearful responsibility to advise an opposite course. The action of Belgium serves merely to illuminate the face of the clock and let us see how much time has elapsed. It is one more evidence that France is no longer mistress of Europe, that the balance of power is swinging to Hitler and his fascist allies and satellites.

In a military sense, the action of Belgium means that the great cordon of French fortifications on the German frontier, the "Maginot Line," must now be extended to the sea. It is altogether probable that much has already been done in this direction, since the realistic French military minds can hardly have based their defensive plan on a recurrence of the series of miracles that delayed the German advance twenty-two years ago. If there is another war, and if Germany should again make a frontal attack on the French with infantry and artillery columns, it is likely that they would once more seek to march through Belgium, in which case the alliance between that country and France would doubtless be restored with breath-taking speed.

It is improbable, however, that the military tactics of 1914 will be repeated. Since 1914 the airplane has arrived as a major weapon, and the technique of border fortifications has been enormously improved. German strategy on the whole is oriented toward dissolving the Franco-Russian alliance, and trying to keep the French neutral while Hitler's army advances into the Ukraine. There is at least a chance that Belgium may be counted out of the conflict and may be able to take her place with the neutral bloc of the Scandinavian countries and the Netherlands. Certainly, her present action does not make the European outlook either substantially better or substantially worse. It is useful as a danger signal; but we hardly need such a signal today.

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Life Insurance: Business or Racket?

SOCIAL progress requires infinite perseverance. It advances slowly and tortuously and only by fits and starts. The story of life insurance is typical. About thirty years ago life insurance was convulsed by a wave of promising reform. By its disclosure of the scandalous conditions, the Armstrong Committee in New York brought about major reforms in the insurance laws throughout the United States. The inauguration of the Massachusetts system of savings-bank life insurance in 1907 gave definite hope that this measuring rod would not only obtain cheaper insurance protection for the poorer policy-holders but would assure continued reforms in private insurance. There was great hope a generation ago that the insurance business would become a more truly social institution.

During the thirty years that have elapsed, however, we have merely witnessed the replacement of old evils by new ones. The insurance business is less of a social institution today than it was in the past. Its practices are more scandalous than at any time in its history. Moreover, as insurance expanded, protection diminished. Outside of an inoperative scheme in Wisconsin, the Massachusetts system of savings-bank life insurance was not adopted by any other state and made only a minor dent in coverage even in the Bay State. Despite the increasing importance of insurance as the sole protecting agency of the widows and orphans, the sick and the aged, even progressives who devoted a lifetime to protect the consumer from public-utility abuses have so far failed to pay attention to the staggering ills of private insurance. Indeed, the insurance business expanded so rapidly and became so respectable that by 1930 it became the only fitting place for Presidents to graduate into upon retirement from the White House.

The last five years have witnessed an awakened interest in the workings of life insurance, for which we must be grateful. Every year sees an increasing number of critical articles and books on the subject, and some of them are being read, too. Demands for a new cleansing of the insurance business are rising. There is especial cause for gratification in two recent books on the subject.[1] These two volumes represent solid foundation stones for the road to progress. They will do much to bring the present period of criticism to the culmination of new reforms. The business of life insurance, it is certain, will not be the same once these books sink into the consciousness of America.

The timeliness and urgency of these books cannot be overestimated. Life insurance is vested with the greatest public concern since it deals directly with the security of the citizen, his widow and his children. But for many years the life-insurance companies have failed to fulfill their chief purpose. Millions of policies lapsed every year without providing the protection sought by policy-holders for their loved ones. The depression helped to accentuate the ills of life insurance, which the Gilberts characterize as "America's most respectable confidence game." Millions of even formerly well-to-do people were forced to give up their protection at great sacrifice of their savings.

Not only is life insurance of prodigious public concern but it plays a most important role in American economic life. Its growth is difficult to visualize: From a total of about $7,000,000,000 of insurance in force in 1900 it had grown to nearly $81,000,000,000 in 1934. An extraordinarily large portion of the national income is withdrawn for life insurance. This portion has increased rather than diminished during the depression. Whereas in 1929 the life-insurance companies received about one-twentieth of the total national income paid out, they gathered no less than about one-tenth of the national income in 1933-34. The proportion paid out by the wage-earning group is, of course, considerably larger. A recent study disclosed that between 11 and 19 percent of the relief received by families living on charity goes for premiums.

The great need for insurance protection is evidenced by the fact that the number of policies in the United States in 1934 exceeded 115,000,000—one for almost every man, woman and child in the country. Neither the prodigious face-value of outstanding insurance nor the number of policies offers any genuine protection, however. Taking the eleven-year period 1923-33, Professor Berman finds that even ordinary insurance (policies of the classes) has a ratio of terminations by death, maturity and "expiry"—terminations that may be said to have fulfilled in full or in part the aims of the policy-holders—of only 18.8 percent. In other words, during this period, which included the most prosperous years, more than four out of every five policies were terminated without the policy-holders' receiving the advantages sought by insurance. The Gilberts also show that although the ten leading insurance companies wrote new policies of over $8,000,000,000 in 1933, they wound up the year with a decrease of over $2,000,000,000 in the total amount of insurance. In 1934 alone the insurance companies doing business in New York State lapsed and surrendered approximately 2,000,000 ordinary policies, valued at over $4,500,000,000. Millions

[1] Life Insurance: A Legalized Racket, by Mort Gilbert and E. Albert Gilbert. Philadelphia: Marlowe Publishing Company. 205 pages. $2.50.
Life Insurance: A Critical Examination, by Edward Berman. New York: Harper and Brothers. 204 pages. $2.

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of other policy-holders have been forced to borrow about $4,000,000,000 on their policies, thus reducing their protection and incurring interest burdens on their own savings. This waste is colossal.

Wage-earners particularly are not only receiving no benefits from industrial insurance (policies of the masses) but are actually deprived of much of their sorely needed and meager incomes. Approximately three of every four policies outstanding are industrial policies written in amounts of less than $500. During the eleven-year period studied by Professor Berman only eight out of every hundred canceled industrial policies were terminated because they fulfilled their purpose. The other ninety-two policies were terminated without any benefits to the insured despite the great sacrifices made.

These two books also show that although endowment insurance is more expensive and represents an undesirable mixture of protection and investment, insurance agents always try to sell endowment policies rather than straight life or term insurance policies because the commissions are larger. Professor Berman's revelation that the ratio of industrial endowment policies has increased during the depression is indeed so shocking as to demand immediate public action.

The authors show that although the basic concepts of life insurance can be comprehended easily, the insurance companies go out of their way to mystify and complicate the subject by the use of highly technical terms, by mixing insurance with investment and by the hybrid schemes for dividends, cash value and the like. This is the natural result of a system in which the agent must not only limit himself to his company's policies but must sell those policies bringing the highest commissions. If these two books do no more than expose the fables and myths built up to confuse the policy-holder, they will have accomplished a genuine social task.

Take the fable of dividends as an example. Professor Berman shows it up very simply: Dividends come from three sources: (1) gain in mortality; (2) reduction in the expenses of operation; and (3) interest from the invested reserves. Although the agent of a mutual company builds his case chiefly around the dividends paid, the prospective buyer is never told that he is overcharged in the first place for this purpose. Although the expectancy of life has increased tremendously during the last half-century, premiums continue to be based upon the American experience mortality table devised in 1868. The forty-seven companies doing business in Massachusetts in 1933 gained from this overcharge alone about $267,000,000 on ordinary insurance and about $66,000,000 on industrial insurance. The companies also surcharge on expenses of operation, which they should presumably be able to budget correctly from year to year, in order to make a grandstand play in returning these surcharges in dividends. Experience has repeatedly shown that the actual costs of operation never amount to the sums charged in the premium for "loading." In 1933, for example, the actual expenses of the companies doing business in Massachusetts were more than $40,000,000 less than the load on ordinary insurance premiums and more than $25,000,000 on industrial insurance. There is the same story regarding interest rates. Premiums are based on interest rates of 3 or 3½ percent, but throughout the years the insurance companies earned interest far in excess of these rates. Even in 1933 the companies operating in Massachusetts earned an average of 4.25 percent, netting an excess sum of $181,000,000 from this source alone. It is largely these overcharges, which should not have been made in the first place, that are euphemistically "refunded" as "dividends."

The two present volumes will not only prove of great social value in focusing public attention on the present ills of life insurance, but they are of great help to the individual policy-holder. With these two books the policy-holder should have sufficient information to guide him in his insurance purchases. The Gilberts tell the overburdened policy-holder how to reduce his present costs by rewriting. For most people the advice to buy renewable term policies is probably sound. The chief objection to such policies—that the rate will go up with the age of the policy-holder—is adequately answered by pointing out that the policy-holder may not need so much insurance protection when he gets older, since his dependents may be grown men and women by that time. Professor Berman tells which of the fifteen leading companies in the United States are superior and in what respects. He shows the relative merits of each of these companies by ranking them in order of their operative costs, efficiency of administration, mortality experience, investment yield, officers' salaries and liberality of policies.

Tested by every important measuring rod, Professor Berman finds the Massachusetts system of savings-bank life insurance so much superior to the private companies that it is in a class by itself. Take one example: The ratio of expense to premium income during the twelve years 1923-34 was only 5 percent for the Massachusetts system. The average for the fifteen leading insurance companies was 17.72 percent on ordinary policies, and 26.66 percent on industrial policies.

Professor Berman's entire case against the private insurance companies is built by contrast with the Massachusetts system of savings-bank life insurance. His case is perfect. He shows by detailed examination of many years' experience that the Massachusetts system has proved incomparably superior to the private companies in every respect. The savings banks have a mortality ratio considerably below the private insurance companies; their ratio of operating expenses to premium income has in every year been much lower. Although the private companies generally justify their exorbitant executive salaries on need of superior investment talent, Professor Berman shows that even in the

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investment of the funds the savings banks, without high-powered executives, have always netted a better return than the private companies. Nor have they encountered the losses on investments that the private companies did. On the basis of this superiority Professor Berman concludes: "If other states were to adopt similar systems, the private life-insurance companies would be compelled to operate more efficiently and to serve their policyholders more effectively. No other reform in the business of life insurance would have a more salutary effect."

The reviewer cannot quarrel with Professor Berman's thesis. The savings banks in Massachusetts have shown what can be achieved by public insurance, even without governmental subsidies. The superiority of the Massachusetts system cannot be exaggerated. Such systems are urgently needed in all states. But Professor Berman's conclusion is almost an anticlimax to his brilliant study. Despite its great advantages and growth, which he characterizes as "extraordinary," the total policies issued by the Massachusetts system amounted to only 112,000 in 1934. Their value in June, 1935, was only $107,000,000. After twenty-five years of successful operation, the system had not attained a rank comparable to any of the ten leading private companies in that state. Nor have the private companies made any basic changes in their methods of operation in Massachusetts as compared to other states.

It is unfortunate that the authors of both books should fail completely to grasp the basic problems involved in insurance. Their recommendations will not prove fruitful. The Gilberts advise the policyholders to rewrite their policies and to organize. Professor Berman would solve all the present ills through savings-bank life insurance. The authors fail to appreciate that insurance is never bought. It must be sold because the mass of wage and salary earners are unable to buy sufficient protection out of their insufficient earnings. Insurance demands a sacrifice of present income for rainy days in the future. But workers whose wages do not cover even basic wants have little further to sacrifice. Neither the Gilberts' nor Professor Berman's counsels can possibly solve the problem involved. The American consumer is not organizable. Over a hundred years of experience in all countries has shown that all voluntary-insurance schemes fail because those workers who need protection most cannot buy it out of their own earnings. Even generous governmental subsidies abroad have failed to produce results. Insurance protection for workers can be achieved only through social insurance, which distributes the burden throughout the entire community and relieves the workers of the greatest share of these costs. The present outrageous waste in insurance can be eliminated effectively only by a compulsory program of social insurance. It is to be profoundly regretted that the present Social Security Act does not provide a sound basis for building such a program. It, too, places the burden almost entirely upon the workers. Only a true program of social insurance offers an effective remedy.

ABRAHAM EPSTEIN.

Cardinal Pacelli and Father John

TO THE MOST REVEREND MONSIGNOR PACELLI:

IT IS not my habit, I assure you, Monsignor, to address open letters to important persons. I take this great liberty only because I have read you are planning to confer with certain prominent American Catholics, as well as our President, and I happen to be acquainted with a man you might like to know.

He is not a prominent American Catholic. Indeed, he is a most obscure one. I cannot mention his name in public, for reasons you will well understand, but I will gladly tell you, privately, who he is. He happens to be—which made me think of him immediately when I read you were coming to this country—a Catholic priest. His parish is in the bayou country of Louisiana: a very poor parish—quite unimportant, in the sense of revenue, to the Holy See. He has not done well there, I imagine: but then, as he says, what can the Holy Father expect?—the people are so poor.

Let us call him, for convenience's sake, Father John. He is quite old now—almost seventy, I would guess—but he still makes his rounds in his pirogue: spending the night in the swamps or in some fisherman's hut, stopping to swap gossip and occasional broad stories with the trappers he meets, acting as physician to the sick. (He treats almost everything, I might add, with castor oil and quinine.)

I have known Father John ever since I was a boy. Born and raised a Catholic, an acolyte in my time, I have become increasingly careless about my religion. Father John remains, nevertheless, one of my closest friends. He is a rather small man, tough and wiry like the trappers he lives with, burned to the color of mahogany by the sun: and, since he only shaves on Saturdays, he generally goes around with a heavy stubble of grizzled beard. We have had, naturally, many talks about religion, and although Father John did not like to see me drifting away from the Church, although he still professes to be worried about the future of my soul, our theological differences have never come between us. He thinks that some day I will see the light. I, on my

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part, think of him with great affection. I remember his tolerance and humanity, his kindness and simplicity, his utter and absolute good will. In a world of Christians, he is the most Christlike man I ever knew—even when he is in a blind with his old shotgun waiting for the ducks to come in, or winking at the loose talk of the fishermen, or getting to feel good on orange wine.

Father John, like many members of the Catholic clergy, is not an uneducated man. He has read much and thought more. It was he who first gave me the clue that the emergence of humanity from the Dark Ages, and the medieval feeling for what has been called the universal, non-national and non-racial character of truth, was the result of a unity of faith. Whether he ever read our American historian, Henry Adams, who saw this unity of faith exemplified by the cathedral of Chartres, and in the symbol of the Virgin, I do not know. I will return to this unity of faith later on.

You come, Most Reverend Cardinal Pacelli, into a country that is engaged in one of the most bitter political campaigns it has ever known. As a European, having had the experiences of recent European history, you will readily understand what I mean when I say that old allegiances and old loyalties have been broken down and that the American people are beginning to divide into two different camps. The time has not yet come when either of those two camps can be labeled, but, in a general way, each represents a principle: liberal democracy, let us say, against conservative reaction.

The reactionaries in the United States—like the reactionaries in Germany and Spain—have made a burning issue of communism. A certain American publisher—not unknown to His Holiness, I believe—has filled his newspapers with black warnings against what he calls the Red Menace. Like Hitler in Germany and Señor Franco in Spain, certain American politicians are saying that their party, their combine, is the only bulwark between the American people and communism.

You must realize, as Papal Secretary of State, that this is nonsense. The communist menace in the United States is about as real as the Japanese menace. The influence of the Communist Party, in relation to our total population, is negligible. It will play but a small part in the present campaign. It is not the habit of politicians, however, to think or speak correctly. It has come about, therefore, that everybody in the United States who does not think like Mr. William Randolph Hearst is a Red. And when politicians are seeking office there is no ammunition they will not use.

It is more than merely disturbing, therefore, to read a report that you will try to enlist the support of President Roosevelt and the United States government for the anti-communist campaign now being waged by His Holiness. Your visit to this country, if this is indeed your purpose, comes at a singularly inopportune time—granting, as I do not, that there could be any time when a visit for such a purpose would be welcome. You must remember, Excellency, that this is a democratic country. We have not yet come to the point, as you have in your country, of open suppression. There are certain civil liberties that are part of our heritage. Now that they are being threatened, they seem more precious than ever before. You must also remember, Excellency, that it is certain to be said that His Holiness sees a communist menace in this country. You will read this, I promise, on the front pages of the Hearst papers. It is hardly necessary for me to point out that, in effect, you will be lining up the Papal See on the side of Mr. Hearst. And it is that gentleman —not the Communists—who is the greatest menace to democratic government in this country today.

I have publicly declared I am going to vote for Mr. Roosevelt. You must not believe, however, that I write from the narrow point of view of partisan politics. Something far more important than the reëlection of Mr. Roosevelt is at stake. There has begun, in this country, a movement which many Americans hope will lead to the abolition of many evils in our social order. We have come through a little Dark Age of our own and many of us—from all ranks of life—are being brought together by what I like to think of, because of the talks I had with Father John, as a new unity of faith: the same faith that is bringing men together all over the world: a unity of faith that can be as powerful as that of the Middle Ages.

It is, true enough, not a religious faith: not, that is, in the accepted sense of religion. It is simply a faith in the hope and the future of man: a faith—perhaps a blind faith—that men can join together and work together for a better and more humane world. Like all faiths, even like Christianity, it has to travel a perilous road. It has to combat, on one hand, indifference, inertia, cynicism: and, on the other, the attacks of those—need I remind you of the early Roman emperors?—who see it as a threat to the power and the privilege they have long enjoyed. Mr. Hearst is not an emperor but he lives in kingly style. It is not without significance that he has already attacked this movement: calling it the American equivalent of the atheistic, communistic, anti-Christ Popular Front.

Mr. Hearst and the Catholic Church, I submit, Monsignor, make strange bedfellows—unless, of course, the Church has decided to espouse the cause of reaction. I dislike to think so, but the signs are everywhere. There is not only the alliance of the Catholic Church with the fascists in Spain. There is—to speak only of the United States—the embryonic fascism of Father Coughlin and the participation of two notable American Catholics, including a Bishop, in a fascist-minded meeting recently held in our hinterland. Are these not signs that point the direction of the wind?

There is one reason, especially, why I would like you to talk with Father John. He is, I repeat, no ignorant man—rude, perhaps, smelling of fish and sweat sometimes, but wise in that wisdom that

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comes of living much alone and much with the very poor. The Church, he says—and let me assure you he means no sacrilege—has become part of a system. If it is to endure in its present form, that system must also endure. This worries and grieves him—for the Church, he believes, should be above systems. It should not form political and economic alliances.

It is his opinion, humbly presented, that what the world needs is a new unity of faith—a faith which, though its spokesmen might not be brave enough to say so, would seek to embody those teachings of Christianity which once ran through the veins of humanity like an infusion of new blood. Once the world finds that faith, he says, once men come to believe in it, the world may see the dawn of a new and finer civilization. It is the duty of the priest, he believes, and that of the Church, to lead mankind to this dawn.

I commend him to your attention, Monsignor. He is a brave, wise and gentle man. If you should visit him, and listen well to what he has to say, your visit to this country will not have been in vain.

HAMILTON BASSO.

The Princess

SHE WAS just an ordinary girl in the line until Golden got hold of her. She was younger than most of them; she must have been about twenty. She had a lot of energy and she was really interested in the work. She had been to a big dancing school in New York for a couple of years and she could do back-bends and high kicks and toe-dancing and in the finale, when the girls came, one by one, down the staircase, she did a high-kick number at the front of the stage, but that was just to make the finale look legal and no one ever looked at her and it was like talking to the backs of a crowd. She wasn't a princess of course. It wasn't even her idea. Golden thought it up. He even thought up the name for her. He billed her as the glamorous Princess Nika from South America. Her real name was Dorothy. She wasn't glamorous and she didn't know anything about South America except that it was the place where some of those rusty freighters, shored off Brooklyn, came from.

It was in her second year on the stage when the show was rehearsing in New York for the road, that Golden began to push her. She was his girl then and he was probably the first man she had ever known. He did it more out of kindness than anything else. She didn't have the make-up to be a good teaser or even a dancer. Her face was pretty and stupid. You could nearly count her breast-bones and her breasts were flat. The muscles on her legs were overdeveloped and she walked with a slight spring. She never talked about her family or about the town she came from, but you could tell she came from the West, even if she had picked up a strong New York accent,and it would be one of those tank-towns you see in the evening from the windows of the bus with a light burning in the drugstore. She was ambitious. Her parents had spent nearly all of their money to send her through dancing school and her obligation to them and her memory of them as they would be waiting then, for the news of her success, was one of the reasons why she was so ambitious. She wanted to be famous and successful. She wanted it more than she would ever want any man.

It may have been through understanding this that Golden put her ahead. He took her out of the line and filled the lobby in Brooklyn with her pictures and gave her bigger billings than anyone else. She had four legitimate dances, two before and two after the intermission. She led the chorus and she had the stage to herself for the best part of five minutes. She had worked up the dances herself and drilled the chorus and picked her own scenery out of the warehouse. Of course she wasn't important to the show. They just kept her on because Golden liked her and because it made the thing look legitimate.

The sudden promotion didn't make her vain or overbearing. It only made her more serious and heightened her preoccupation with work and success. She worked the girls hard, but she was careful not to overwork them. She worked herself, day and night. She used to beg the pianist to stay around after the rehearsal was over so that she could go through her entrances again. Golden would come into the theatre after midnight and find her there alone, humming the music to herself and prancing up and down in front of an imaginary line of girls.

When they went on the road Golden went with them as far as Philadelphia. They made some changes in the show there and he let her introduce a new dance number. It was a fast number and she worked hard for it, but somehow it didn't get over. In the finale the orchestra broke, passing the melody to a solo trombone, she pushed her hat over onto her forehead and strutted off into the wings, pumping her walking stick like a baton. It was all right. She did it all right. But somehow it was stale as if you knew how she had rehearsed the number in front of a looking-glass night after night after night.

Golden left the show then and went back to New York leaving Bacon, the straight man, in charge. Bacon went right on giving her the best billings and running her four specialties. He did it more out of habit than anything else. No one thought much about her. No one saw much of her off the stage.

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She always took a furnished room by herself when they stayed in a town and she never talked much in the dressing room. Sometimes she ate supper with the company after the show. She didn't smoke because she was afraid it would spoil her wind for dancing. She didn't drink either. For supper she usually ate a salad without dressing and a slice of bread. The only qualities that distinguished a member of the company for the girls were drink and overbearing vanity, and as she was sober and quiet they nearly forgot about her. But one night she surprised them. They were eating supper in a cafeteria in Baltimore. Bacon came into the cafeteria with the man who owned the hotel they were staying in. He introduced him to the girls. Dorothy was sitting at a crowded table with her back to the wall.

". . . and this is Dorothy," Bacon said, "Mr. Brody."

She looked up and smiled at him.

"My name isn't Dorothy," she said, "and you know it. I'm Princess Nika."

"Well, Dorothy to us," Bacon said.

She glanced up at him again. Her smile was cool and dirty.

"Princess Nika to you," she said, "and to everybody else."

"All right," he said, "all right. Princess Nika; Mr. Brody."

She seemed satisfied then. She seemed to have found some deep satisfaction. You could see that she wasn't fooling. Bacon had thought she was fooling at first because she had replied to him in the cool, undoubting voice that only a faithless remark or a deep belief is made in and it never occurred to him that she would believe in what she was asking. But then he saw, a second later, that she did believe. He felt as if he had been talking sympathetically to a person who turns out suddenly to be insane.

From Baltimore they went over to Pittsburgh. They took the bus at night and came into the depot at Pittsburgh a little after dawn. It was a cool morning and the company stood on the sidewalk outside the depot while the porter unloaded the luggage. The streets were empty and there was nothing to look at but the low row of buildings across the street and a sprinkler truck coming slowly down the street, wetting the pavement. The girls stood there watching the porter hand down the luggage from the roof of the bus. The first girl who noticed it broke out laughing. She was tired and it seemed funny. Then she pointed it out to one of the other girls. Printed at the end of Dorothy's trunk were the initials "H.R.H. Nika." It looked as if she had printed them there herself. It was done in yellow paint and the letters were shaky.

These discoveries and changes were stronger as reflections in the company's opinion of her than any changes in the way she acted herself. The girls joked about her in the dressing-room but she didn't seem to mind. She had a quiet self-confidence that could stand anything. She was as quiet in the dressing-room as she had always been and she still worked very hard. She had made a few changes in her dances and she was working by herself in a new tap number. She was planning to do a solo tap-dance to the overture of "Il Trovatore." She rehearsed it for a couple of weeks and then Bacon let her put it on. The orchestra wasn't very good on the music and she went so fast that the line couldn't follow her. She worked hard. She worked harder than any of the girls had ever seen anyone work. But when she came off there was just a splatter of applause and Bacon told her, later that night, that he thought she'd better drop the number.

"I'm not going to drop it," she said quickly, "and you can't make me."

He was surprised to see her get so excited.

"And if you think you're going to make me drop it," she said, "I'll wire Golden and he'll tell you where you stand."

He didn't know whether she ever wired Golden or not. She never said anything more about it and he finally forced her to drop the number. He figured that she must have wired Golden and that he hadn't answered. He wouldn't answer. He would have forgotten all about her by then. Bacon knew that. And he felt that a shakedown would be good for her.

They hit Chicago in a hot spell and business was bad. Bacon had expected it all along. There was hardly enough business to keep them going and he decided to make the show faster and dirtier to see if that would build up an audience. He did it without any serious desire to hurt Dorothy or at least he didn't fully realize a desire to hurt her. Her numbers weren't any good. She'd have to learn that some time and when the audiences were falling off night after night you couldn't take any chances. He decided to cut out all of the spectacles and put Dorothy back into the line. He wasn't afraid of her. He knew that there wasn't anything in her contract. He knew that she was young and that the only power she had was a forgotten attachment to Golden. One night after the show he called the whole company back and described the changes he was going to make. When he had finished Dorothy came up to him.

"Do you think you're going to take out all of my numbers," she said, "and put me back in the line?"

"That's it."

"But you can't do that. You know you can't do that."

"Why can't I?"

"Because Mr. Golden didn't give you the authority."

"But we're in Illinois and Mr. Golden's in New York."

"I signed up with this show as the Princess Nika and I'm not going to do or be anything else."

"Well in that case I guess you better find yourself another job."

"That's exactly what I'll do. Goodnight."

He knew that she couldn't get another job around there and he expected her to come back to him and he would be glad to put her in the line. But she

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didn't come back. Three days went by and they didn't see anything of her. Bacon began to worry. He knew she was broke and in a strange city and he remembered the way she had asked him to call her Princess that night in Philadelphia and it reminded him of her character and that she might be willing to go through with anything in order to keep up her estimation of herself. Finally, the day before the show moved on, he asked a couple of the girls to go up to her rooming house and see if she wouldn't come back with them. The girls agreed and after the matinée they went up to the house. The landlady said that she was in. "She hasn't been out for two days," she said. "I'm glad someone's come to see her. I was getting worried."

The door to her room was open and they knocked and went in. She wasn't there. The room was so clean that it looked as if no one were living there. But her dressing things were on the bureau and her luggage was stacked by the door. They heard the sound of someone taking a bath in the adjoining bathroom and they went to the door and called her name.

"Dorothy. Is that you? Dorothy."

The splashing stopped.

"Listen, Dorothy, the show leaves town tonight and Bacon wants you to come back."

"My name isn't Dorothy," she said. "I'm the Princess Nika."

"Don't be a damned fool, Dorothy. You don't want to get yourself stranded out here in this place. You can starve to death. Honestly you can. Open the door."

"Tell Bacon I'll come back when he realizes who I am," she said.

"Don't be a damned fool. Anything's better than starving in this place. Open the door."

She didn't answer them. She went on taking her bath. One of them pounded on the door.

"Open the door, Dorothy. We can't talk to you with the door shut. Open it up."

She didn't answer. They tried the door but it was locked. They could hear her taking her bath. They tried to impress her, through the closed door, with the fact that the show was leaving town that night, and that the world was large, and that once she let go they might never see her again; but they couldn't impress her.

"Tell Bacon I'll come back when he realizes who I am," she said.

JOHN CHEEVER.

How They Are Voting: V

WE CONTINUE below the series of letters from well known progressives stating for whom they will vote. Score: Roosevelt, 47; Thomas 9; Browder, 3; Landon, 1; Lemke, none.

This week's contributors include four representatives of three universities in New York City. Messrs. Bonbright and Brissenden are from Columbia, Dr. Cohen is from City College and Dr. Fairchild from New York University. Paul Kellogg is editor of The Survey. Mr. and Mrs. Woodward, who disagree politically, are both authors.

For Norman Thomas.

Washington, the aristocrat, had to be a democratic President. Jackson, the democrat, had to be a dictator. The pacifists Lincoln and Wilson had to "lead" us into war. Whether it's Landon or Roosevelt doesn't matter. Each would do what he had to do.

What we've got to do is to turn the next President and Congress to the Left if we can. And for that I think we have to vote for a radical idea. The only clear Left in this campaign seems to be the Socialist one. The wasting-a-vote talk is nonsense. A protest vote scares the Right.

HELEN WOODWARD.

I'm going to vote for Roosevelt. He has a modern mind, and he has made an intelligent effort at social and economic planning. Much of his work will remain in the structure of American civilization. The people of the United States have had more enlightenment in the past four years than in the preceding forty years, and we owe that to Roosevelt and his administration.

W. E. WOODWARD.

The following letters were received too late to be published in their proper alphabetical order:

Barring unexpected developments, I shall vote for Roosevelt and shall almost certainly not vote for Landon. My reasons for this choice are so commonplace as hardly to be worth setting down. In talking with friends and acquaintances, I find it significant that despite other issues, some of them of high importance, the split between those who will support Roosevelt and those who will support Landon is almost without exception a split between the liberals and the conservatives. Never within my recollection have I been able to forecast with such confidence the way in which my friends are going to vote as I am able to do in this election. Among the liberals the chief difference is between those who will support Roosevelt with enthusiasm and those who will support him regretfully, feeling that Landon, from their point of view, is impossible and that a vote for a third party would be wasted.

JAMES C. BONBRIGHT.

When I received your letter I did not know how I was going to vote. I had given the problem a good deal of thought without being able to come to any conclusion that seemed to make sense. Consideration of each of the candidates, his personality, record, promises and prospects, left

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me with the sinking feeling that an intelligent exercise of the right to vote was not possible in the premises. When your note arrived I had boiled the matter down to Roosevelt and Thomas, for whom I voted in 1932.

But I was unable to avoid the conclusion that, although as it seemed to me, no one who cared tuppence for his country's welfare could possibly vote for Landon, Lemke or Browder, neither could any intelligent person vote for either Roosevelt or Thomas. If voting were no more than an ethical and intellectual exercise, there would be, I thought, just one intelligent vote possible—a vote for Norman Thomas, who tops them all for integrity, moral and intellectual courage and disinterested political and economic realism. . . .

But the joker, I felt, was that voting loses all pragmatic significance if it is done merely as an intellectual exercise *in vacuo*. If the counting of preferences were a research job undertaken by the Bureau of the Census to ascertain which platform and which set of convictions would most effectively further the public interest, I should wish to have my nose counted for Thomas. However, elections are—or should be—a democratic means of deciding which group of public servants shall serve as governors in the years immediately ahead, and the only criteria for choice in the casting of ballots that make sense are the relative prospects offered by the several parties (and their respective candidates) for better government in the years immediately and far ahead, the test of "goodness" in government being, of course, the extent which it encompasses improvement in the lot of the common man.

These considerations convinced me that I must either abdicate my responsibilities as a citizen and abstain from casting a ballot because none of the candidates or platforms was wholly satisfactory to me, or choose, among the candidates who have a chance of election, those who, if elected, I thought likely to do most in furtherance of the public interest or, at the worst, to do least in damage to that interest. I concluded that, even though voting meant a choice among evils, I ought, nevertheless, to choose. My vote, with enough others, similarly motivated, though it did no more than to ensconce in office governors whose statesmanship would be unequal to the task of preventing some decline in the standard of life of the American people, might help to forestall a much greater decline in that standard, and with it, almost certainly, return to laissez-faire and "that freedom," uncontrolled speculative inflation and, possibly, degeneration into fascism.

I recognized that our next President must be either Roosevelt or Landon. Between these two I do not hesitate. I've got to vote unintelligently, but I think that a vote for Roosevelt is a less unintelligent one than a vote for Landon, or even a vote for Thomas. PAUL F. BRISSENDEN.

I shall vote for Norman Thomas. My reason for doing so is the obvious one that in the present campaign the real issue is whether we should continue to hold elections which make little difference, since an irresponsible Supreme Court has the last word, or whether the United States Constitution should be so amended that people can really decide something in an election. Norman Thomas comes nearest to representing my point of view on this.

MORRIS R. COHEN.

I expect to vote for Roosevelt, first, because he is immeasurably preferable to any other candidate who has the slightest chance of being elected, and second, because the support of Roosevelt is now furnishing a rallying point for the integration of the various progressive and liberal elements in the country, which seems to me a matter of far greater importance than the election of any particular individual in this campaign. HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD.

As an old-time Progressive, Landon gave a tug to my imagination as a foil to the Republican Old Guard—and the forces back of it. I felt he would not prove as bad as he was painted. But his Milwaukee speech on social security dashed that anticipation. Before, during and subsequent to the passage of the act, I have been critical of some of the factors embodied in it. It is cumbersome and weak at a score of points. He could have offered a builder's criticism; but instead he talked like a house wrecker—the wreckage having to do with the chance for protection to homes in an industrial civilization. There was, to me, a devastating lack of sincerity in the alternatives to the measure which he put forward as advantaging working people. Take his three counts.

There is world experience back of the sound principle of (1) old-age insurance; and it is only by that participation of the beneficiaries in meeting the cost (which he denounces) that we will be bulwarked against raids that will make war pensions look small.

When it comes to (2) unemployment compensation, even a presidential candidate in the heat of the campaign cannot get by when with one hand he declares adherence to the idea, and with the other commits himself to leaving the execution of the idea solely to the states. That would mean we should have only fragmentary protection for a generation—the whole force of interstate competition will stall action at the state capitols.

And when Landon falls back on (3) old-age pensions, he offers them not as a necessary scaffold while we are constructing an enduring scheme of old-age insurance, but as an alternative long-run system. Governor Winant, in his resignation as chairman of the Social Security Board to get into the fight, put the thing in a nutshell. The Landon plan is to fall back upon "a dole with the means test," which in some states includes the pauper's oath and disfranchisement.

I am voting for Roosevelt—as I did not do four years ago—because the issues are joined, the election may be close and every vote will count. I have followed from the first his broaching of the social-economic dishevelment that has confronted the country and his administration, in working our way out of the depression. I have hailed his human insight, his daring to experiment, his willingness to chuck what proves inept and his constructive bent in forging ahead. We need those qualities even more in tackling the long-range problems which grow out of the hard times, and antedate them. These lie close to the most searching issue of all—whether under democracy we can handle economic affairs so as to make for the good life—instead of lapsing into dictatorship, Right or Left. He stands for that plus in the American spirit which gives hope to the world.

PAUL KELLOGG.

(To be concluded.)

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Washington Notes

Business Men Open Their Arms to the Reich—Does Strengthening Hitler Strengthen Prosperity?—Diplomats Spar in the East

EVIDENCE is accumulating that certain international business interests would like to make the French currency agreement a preliminary step toward an all-round understanding with Nazi Germany. Big business men, here and abroad, are relatively unconcerned about the trade future of France, and greatly concerned about that of Germany. According to reports here, within the next six months the Hitler regime is to be scrubbed, barbered, perfumed and tailored into the semblance of a civilized government, after which it is to be welcomed into the American-English-French entente with loud cries of rejoicing.

On the political side, such a program apparently calls for the rebuilding of the Locarno agreement, and the practical nullification of the alliance between France and the U.S.S.R. There is a real danger that this can be brought about. Underneath the big-business program, as it is outlined here, appears to be the solid fact of a thoroughgoing understanding between Mr. Montagu Norman and Dr. Schacht, two men of great energy and resource.

Briefly stated, Mr. Norman's and Dr. Schacht's plan is that Germany, following the example of France, shall devalue its currency, and abolish exchange restrictions and trade quotas. In return, the United States, England and France are to give Germany greater access to their domestic markets, and the markets of their colonial possessions. They are also to persuade smaller nations to do likewise. Next, Germany's remaining external debt is to be reduced and refunded. Finally, Germany is to receive a new loan to be used for raw materials with which to set its export industries running again.

On its face, this would seem like the Santa Claus spirit running wild. It would appear as if the business men of the United States, England and France were self-sacrificingly trying to reëquip Germany as their competitor. In fact, however, the greater part of American, English and French heavy industry is now protected against German competition by cartel agreements. This is conspicuously true in the case of such former German specialties as chemicals, electrical machinery, steel and aluminum. In the future, it is predicted, the weight of German competition will fall most heavily on Japan, Italy and the new, post-war industries that have sprung up in the Balkans, the Near East and South America.

No claim is made that either Mr. Norman or Dr. Schacht has his government behind him. The extreme English Tories, men like Winston Churchill and Sir Austen Chamberlain, together with the whole Labor Party, are counted on to oppose Mr. Norman. In Germany, Dr. Schacht is known to have had the entire Nazi leadership against him, at least until the last few days. However, business men make light of all such difficulties. They say that once an Anglo-German agreement is actually in sight—an agreement that will both reopen Europe to British lending, and permit Germany to resume its export trade—the relief and joy in both countries will force obstructionist politicians to keep mum.

As the plan is described here, Hitler will be required to make a number of political concessions. In the case of France, he will agree to stabilize armaments at their present level. It is not believed that France, in any case, can object to the proposed agreement, since it is an imperative necessity for France to remain close to England. As a concession to England, Hitler will agree to drop his demand for the restoration of Germany's overseas colonies. The mysterious, sudden disbanding last week of the German Colonial League was taken, by some observers here, as a sign that Mr. Norman's and Dr. Schacht's plan has already received the tentative favor of the All-Highest.

As far as I can discover, this program has not been officially submitted to the Roosevelt administration. Certain phases of it, however, have been placed before government officials, and before Democrats supposed to have access to Mr. Roosevelt. Two things are expected from this country. American bankers would have to agree to a further scaling-down of the external German debt. Secretary Hull must also consent to negotiate a reciprocity treaty with Germany. Probably Mr. Hull's inclination would be to do this, especially if the English were likewise to agree to a treaty. It is no secret that, ever since he took office, Mr. Hull has had his heart set on an Anglo-American trade treaty, believing it to be the single most important factor in the revival of foreign commerce.

There seems to be no disposition to ask the United States to participate in the proposed raw-material loan to Germany. Apparently the London money market is quite content to handle that single-handed. There will be no pressure, consequently, on Congress for the repeal of the Johnson Act, prohibiting loans to countries in default on their war debts.

In outline, this is the plan of international business. All sensible people would like to see action taken to halt the economic paralysis that, centering in Germany, has spread over eastern Europe until today the peasants of many countries cannot buy even salt and matches. But strengthening the Hitler regime, as long as Hitler holds to his present policies, must strike many people unconnected with international business as a doubtful way to promote either economic recovery or peace.

The administration seems prepared to reject the recent British proposal to continue in force Article Nineteen of the Washington naval treaty, providing that no fortifications be built in the eastern Pacific. Apparently our government has received definite information that, before submitting the proposal to us, the British engaged in confidential talks with Japan. During these conversations, the Japanese are supposed to have pledged themselves not to fortify any of their island possessions lying within striking distance of British or Dutch territory. Recent unofficial statements by the British Foreign Office have made clear that England has not the remotest notion of offering military opposition to the advance of Japan in China. But Australia and New Zealand, and the fringe of islands paralleling their northern coasts, are another matter. Eng-

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land is bound to defend them at any cost. It is assumed, therefore, that England was greatly pleased to receive Japan's no-fortification pledge. But, it is argued in Washington, what benefit can the United States receive from a similar Japanese pledge? Except for the Philippines, which no one save Secretary Swanson thinks defensible, we have no possessions in the eastern Pacific. Hawaii is outside the area defined in the Washington treaty, and is impregnable, in any case. What the United States wants is an understanding with both Japan and England about the future of China. Why, then, should we not decline to tie our hands by a fortification agreement until they are willing to discuss China? This is able diplomacy, perhaps, according to the Metternich tradition, but it does not seem a contribution to the stability of the Far East.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

A Nice Little Boom?—The Belligerent Mr. Woodring—Taking the Candidates on Faith—Will Roosevelt Go to the Right?

UNLESS all signs fail, I think I see the beginnings of a nice little boom. For the first time since the depression began the capital-goods industry seems to have begun to spark. If that gets going—and it looks that way—on top of the government's spending program, nothing can save us from a nice little spell of prosperity. And it will be just about as unwholesome a chunk of prosperity as this country ever had. The Roosevelt rooters will feel as good as they did when they saw the market rising in May, 1933, in the first touch of Roosevelt prosperity. They would do well to save their cheers until the boom has run its course. If Mr. Landon has any sense he will pray the gods that saved Al Smith to keep him out of the White House during the next four years.

One little incident has been overlooked by the lovers of peace in the heat of the campaign. This is the naming of Mr. Harry F. Woodring as Secretary of War to succeed the late Secretary Dern. It is said that the President once advocated a conscript army—before he was Governor of New York. The C.C.C., since its organization, has been a subject of ceaseless apprehension to all peace advocates. We know what the President has done about the army and the navy. Only a short time ago a Major General printed in the C.C.C. bulletin his argument for making the C.C.C. a combination conscript army and economic army, like Herr Hitler's labor conscripts, and making it compulsory to all youths eighteen years of age and over. And following that, the President names as Secretary of War Mr. Woodring, who has been the leader of the jingoes and himself, in 1934, spoke of the C.C.C. as our "economic shock troops." Only last year Mr. Woodring boasted: "Today we find elements of our land forces, either of the regular or civilian components, *in almost every community*. The army has become an intimate part of the American people whom it serves in peace and war. I say without fear of contradiction, that *our armed forces constitute the greatest stabilizing influence* in our country today."

This is the type of man put at the head of our army to match the febrile jingo who heads the navy and who talks boastfully of the United States matching Japan "fortification for fortification" in the Pacific.

It is an amazing phenomenon, I suggest, that liberals behold the performances of Mr. Roosevelt on so many fields and refuse to credit the evidences of their ears, their eyes and their minds because the President every so often throws them a meaningless phrase or two.

I have been reading the speeches of the two candidates for President very earnestly. My chief aim has been to discover if I can what these two gentlemen are going to do in the coming four years. But for the life of me I cannot find out. About all I have learned is that both plan to keep on ladling out money to the farmer. But we have numerous problems—fundamental ones. No one imagines that any vital abuse in the capitalist system has been attacked and remedied by Mr. Roosevelt. And if he did not do this in the four lean years, will he be able to do anything in the fatter years that lie ahead? He made the mistake of making a lot of promises in the last campaign. He apparently is going to make none this time with which he can be confronted. As for Mr. Landon, his only specific promise is to give 42 cents a bushel to wheat farmers in cash and to balance the budget. But he is going to balance the budget without depriving anybody of money or raising anybody's taxes. Anybody who votes for either one of these birds this year is doing it on just about the blindest faith that has ever been exhibited by human nature.

The week has given us a foretaste of what we may expect when the election is over. In what direction will Mr. Roosevelt go, is a question frequently asked. In my opinion he will continue to go to the Right. However, this week Mr. Jesse Jones, of the R.F.C., came out for a repeal of the corporate-surplus tax. He intimated that the President was with him. The Treasury resents his speech. The corporation-surplus tax was a special pet of the Treasury Department. The tax was not passed, fortunately, in the form originally offered. As it passed finally it was infinitely sounder. Of course there can be no two sides to the plan for a tax on corporation surpluses. But Mr. Jones gives the impression that he knows what he is talking about when he insinuates that the President is with him. The President hates certain big business men as cordially as they hate him. He hates them not so much because they are big business men but because they are his enemies. He has shown a great fondness for big business men in general and has revealed an inveterate yearning to have their good opinion.

He is now satisfied that he has saved business. He proclaimed that last week. He is anxious to have the coöperation of business in his policies in his next administration. The time for further experiment is passed. The hour is here for consolidating the recovery gains. Hence we may expect him to devote his energies to these noble purposes in the coming four years. We may therefore see some "sound" revisions of the Securities Act, the surplus tax, the social-security law, the utility law and various other measures. Along with this goes one of the President's only promises, not to increase taxation. JOHN T. FLYNN.

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Musical Note

WHETHER we will ever be able to put music in a picture and still have any picture left remains a question, but Hollywood is getting a little quicker with answers and the true solution may come some day. I'm afraid that "The Gay Desperado" is stiff and slow and wears pretty thin. But it has the right idea—the comic-opera idea with its face lifted, brought near enough to life so that it is not merely making fun but poking it, at the intolerable solemnities and at itself a little.

The picture opens with the gunplay and stunted speech of the underworld (shots, fast cars, the death-dealers saying "So you won't talk, eh?" to the prisoner in the back seat) so seriously that the audience isn't sure its leg is being pulled until the camera moves back to show all this as passing across the screen of a Mexican neighborhood house, where Leo Carillo and his trusty bandit lads are taking it all in along with the rest of the audience, and admiring greatly. Very pretty, Leo thinks. Iss how he, Leo, should operating it. The movie works up to a free-for-all fight, getting more open in its take-off (the same toughies are still saying "So you won't talk, eh?" to the same prisoner in the back seat, who is now shown, however, with a gag in his mouth) until someone tells Leo to pipe down, starting a free-for-all in the audience. And they are tearing the place to pieces before the manager can throw in the travelogue, something about Mexico the Beautiful, and a singer comes to stand by the screen, raising a dominant tenor voice in one of the songs that are sung to the guitars of that country. The singer is Nino Martini and Leo the Lionhearted proves just a sissy about music. So the day is saved and (incidentally) a legitimate musical has got under way without reference to the Metropolitan.

The story of "The Gay Desperado" from this point is the story of how Leo took Nino off with him and got him a radio debut at the point of his bandit rifles and, still under the American gangster influence, went through with a snatch of the American girl, but was brought to realize that the tradition of the best Mexican bandit families was still good enough when it became evident that Nino and the girl had fallen in love, thereby making it essential that they be released for a happy and legal married life.

The movie version of it is the work of Wallace Smith (he did both book and screenplay of "The Captain Hates the Sea") and has a lot of fine ideas: the stick-up of the broadcasting studio; the refreshing foolishness of the love-making scene where Nino and the girl fire ovenware all over the place; Mischa Auer as the sour-pan Indian henchman whose mute attendance and serene dignity (in his filthy blanket or riding a Ford mudguard) acts as the final critical acid on these new-fangled alloys. And the ending is a good effect, with Nino singing in full voice as the boys ride off in a smother of dust and beautiful horseflesh against the sky.

But while some of the show is fetching, the ideas mostly miss fire and the spell, as a whole and as upon audiences, is fitful and unsure. Nino Martini is little more than a voice, of course. I liked his regulation opera-tenor parts and was grateful for the variation when these were relieved by native music; but there is a certain wild drive and swing and heat of the blood to music reaching us from Spain via Mexico that he cannot be expected to imitate or be praised for trying. And in general there seems to be lacking the kind of direction necessary to make this material plausible or in any way smash.

Mr. Rouben Mamoulian's finished show favors effects over effectiveness and cardboard over character. The girl's fiancé, apart from being a pest by type, is nothing more than a few hasty lines; Harold Huber, usually a very good type, is miscast as the Leo Carillo of "Viva Villa"; Leo Carillo himself is more sketchy and unconvincing than I recall seeing him; and anybody who gives Ida Lupino this much rope deserves the consequences. The show cries out for more care, in handling actors and in planning situations; it seems the right sort of thing but is definitely under the wrong auspices. And I should be more reluctant to hang this on Mr. Mamoulian if it weren't for his performance in movies so far. He is no doubt an artist at something, but one picture after another shows him as having no flair for the medium, so that among all active film-makers he stands apart, definitely in the company of those intellectual types who are always standing on the outside looking elsewhere, who can talk art right out of the movies into cinematographics as quick as look at you, and wouldn't know a good picture if somebody came along with one and set it off under them like a bonfire.

It's a relief to turn to Paramount's "Big Broadcast of 1937," which does not have the Archbishop of Canterbury (Paramount talent-scouts: there's a joker here somewhere, better skip it) but gets along quite well with what it has. Jack Benny as a radio official. Martha (Bazoomba) Raye as a scat singer. Bob (Bazooka) Burns as the perennial puncher without his hoss—also on occasion as a wanderer in the waistland, for one of the prime gags of the show comes when Bob has got a holt of Gracie Allen and appears to be chewing her neck and she is of course screaming for George Burns, George, George, and when he shows up, the rescuing husband taking his sweet time, her relief is so vocal and George, she says, George hold his hat. So Burns and Allen are there as program sponsors of the Platt Golfball Hour; some new girl as a singer; Ray Milland as the agent and boy friend. And Leopold Stokowski. And Benny Goodman (also responsible for a magnificent orchestra but feeling no need for a plastic laying on of hands before it). And Gene Krupa, riding along above the band on the most terrific set of drums that has ever been captured for the cameras—the high spot of the show for many of us. There is also a sumptuous rumba numba and in addition, a spin around the New York night spots (Leon and Eddie's, the Onyx Club and those) brings in snatches of additional talent. Hail, hail, et cetera.

The picture is really just a glorified vaudeville program, but while it has been done before it has never been done so well. The radio angle gives it a chance for a lot of good-natured burlesque on air personalities and practices; and Jack Benny manages pretty well at holding together all the tangents of personal appearances, two-line gags, three-minute black-outs, etc. It isn't a comedy and it isn't a musical, but it has a lot of laughs, the best in several types of music, and I don't know where in the world you will see anything like it. After something like this, the deluge or something.

OTIS FERGUSON.

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The Bandwagon

The federal government, attempting to substitute its arbitrary judgment for the combined wisdom and energy of these millions, is a preposterous King Canute, attempting to sweep back the sea with a broom. Nature has twice punished us for this monstrosity with a ruinous drought. —*Colonel Knox, in a speech in Waterbury, Connecticut, as reported in The Baltimore Sun.*

Don't think, just because you've got $22,000 to spend on a winter coat that Macy's isn't interested in you.

The natural sable skins, of which this coat is made, came from the Bagarzin section of Siberia. Trappers were instructed to collect about 1,000. It took them nearly four years, as the sable is delicate, and difficult to catch. Of the 1,000 collected, only about 100 skins were perfectly matched. These were used to make this coat. The price of the finished masterpiece is $22,000.—*From an advertisement by Macy's (It's Smart to Be Thrifty) Department Store, New York City.*

And She-Elephants Never, Never, Never

But we do not forget Mr. Tugwell. Nor do I believe that we will allow Mr. Roosevelt to forget Mr. Tugwell. It might even be wise for Mr. Roosevelt to remember that women, and elephants, never forget.—*Mrs. Preston Davie, Director of Landon Volunteers in Eastern Seaboard States, in her column in The New York Herald Tribune.*

Intimations of Mortality (O World! O Life! O Time!)

Life is Bought by Time; Style to be Changed—53-Year-Old Humorous Magazine May Appear as News Picture Weekly.—*Headline in The New York Herald Tribune.*

What's a Little Starvation Between Friends?

M. L. wishes to know how he may "vote for Landon and land a job." This should be easy. Simply by firing all the P.W.A. workers and have them competing with workers already employed. The law of supply and demand will partially force wages down, so that for every three workers at present employed at $25 per week, five can be employed at $15 per week. Simple enough!

The same with the boys' labor market. By closing down the C.C.C. camps and having these boys competing with existing jobs, industry will be able to hire boys for $10 per week instead of $15 per week, which means that three jobs will be made for every two now held.—*A letter signed C. J. Baron in The Chicago Daily News.*

Or Whispered by the Devil?

The Saturday Evening Post is not a partisan of any party or individual. It is a partisan of sound ideas whether they are put forward by the Republican, Democratic, or the Roosevelt New Deal Party.—*From an editorial statement in The Saturday Evening Post.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—The Editors.

A COMMUNICATION

A Vote for Thomas

SIR: I write of Norman Thomas with a deep sense of personal obligation to the man and his books. In "America's Way Out," "As I See It" and "Human Exploitation" he has set forth a diagnosis of our social ills and a program for their cure which must, I think, commend itself to anyone not blinded by greed or prejudice.

The objection will be at once raised that to vote for Norman Thomas is to throw away a ballot, because he will not be elected President. For whom then should one vote? Both leading candidates stand for a system that is appalling in its waste of physical resources and human life—a system that maintains an economy of scarcity in the face of potential abundance.

It is urged that Mr. Roosevelt and his friends, judged by canons of human decency, are a better lot than those seeking his defeat. One may grant this and yet ask "What of it?" It is suggested that after four more years of muddling the country will be ready for a radical farmer-labor party which will fall heir to Mr. Roosevelt's achievements and carry them further. On the contrary, it is more likely that the country will be in a mood of black reaction of which the present wrath of business is only a foretaste. It is said that the choice is between democracy and fascism. To date the Democrats have shown little activity in checking the incipient tendencies toward fascism in American life. With a great majority of Democratic Governors the National Guard has been used to break strikes more often than ever before in our history. The War Department has issued savage and vindictive orders to its troops for riot duty. The Department of Justice has been lethargic in carrying out even the announced policies of the administration in regard to labor and civil rights.

The Communist Party stands in general for the same type of change in social order as that represented by Norman Thomas, and no one would question its energy and courage in breaking up the hardpan of American complacency. Personally I feel that the Socialist Party is nearer to American ideology, and has the better chance of converting the people to its program. After all, however, the choice must finally be made by an aroused and intelligent labor movement, within which, it is profoundly to be hoped, both parties which look toward a new social order will be united.

A vote for Norman Thomas is not a vote thrown away. Norman Thomas is a great citizen of the republic, an outstanding representative of the things that men of good will do value and admire. He stood firmly against the deceit and violence which lured and pushed this country into war. He defended the conscientious objectors. He upheld civil rights when those whose duty it was to do so betrayed their trust. He worked for international peace through the Fellowship of Reconciliation and for industrial peace through the League for Industrial Democracy. He established the Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief for the help of the victims of industrial warfare. He has not remained indoors. He went on the picket line for the silk workers at Paterson. When the mining counties

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of Illinois were under the bloody terror of John L. Lewis and the Peabody Coal Company, Norman Thomas went in to hold meetings where none had been allowed for years. When the violence of the planters was turned against the sharecroppers of Arkansas, Norman Thomas went there, and returned to Washington to tell President Roosevelt exactly what he had seen. When torture and murder at Tampa sent a momentary spasm of horror through the nation Norman Thomas went there, and shamed the community into condemnation, and feeble gestures of punishment for the guilty.

Norman Thomas fulfills the function known to the Roman republic as Tribune of the People. He is able to exercise it, speaking fearlessly to dissenting fellow citizens, in the White House and governors' mansions, in chambers of commerce, in churches, colleges and clubs, partly because of his distinguished personality, partly because of the fact that a million electors in this country, seeking a mitigation of present horrors and looking forward to a better world for their descendants, have appointed him as their standard-bearer. He has held their support as a sacred trust in righting immediate wrongs. Every vote given him increases his power to be used for the common good. He does what many of us would like to do, but are held back by cowardice, laziness, weakness of will, skepticism. At the very least we can by our votes renew the commission of Norman Thomas during another presidential term to stand against the worst evils in American life, and for the hope of a better day.

Chicago, Ill. ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

CORRESPONDENCE

We and Metternich

SIR: It happens that a "popular front" gained control of the government of Spain by routine processes. Bear in mind, though, that if your usual characterization of "vested interests" has nearly the universal validity you ascribe to it, then orderly achievements such as those in France and Spain should prove the exception rather than the rule. Consequently, "popular fronts" are not likely to be quite so legal in origin generally as is true in the present case. . . .

Thinking thus as I read your recent comments on Spanish affairs, I have been forced to wonder whether the editors of The New Republic realized how like Metternich their reasoning sounded. Your horror at the very thought of resistance to constituted authority is not in The New Republic tradition. I was particularly impressed by your editorial statement on page 117, September 9:

> If the other nations of Europe had acted according to normal and sensible procedure, if they had continued to trade with the legal government and had refused arms to the rebels, the revolt would have collapsed. Thousands of lives would have been saved. . . . The fascist nations bullied the democratic nations into regarding the military revolt as a genuine civil war. . . ."

What civil war or revolt has ever been "respectable" in its beginnings, from the point of view of those in power? I have wondered whether revolution elsewhere, some day, by a different group of people, would force you to eat your words; and whether I should be able to chirp, "I told you so!"

Look ahead, gentlemen! You usually do.

Akron, O. ARTHUR W. GOSLING.

British Dilemma in Palestine

SIR: Mr. Emile A. Ghory, secretary of the Palestine Arab Party, who is an Arab Christian and who has been in England for some time to seek British support against Jewish immigration in Palestine, recently gave an interview to The Sunday Dispatch of London. In it, he made it clear that Britain, to maintain her empire in India and other parts of the East, needed the support of the Arabs and the Moslem world; and the Arabs demanded that Jewish immigration to Palestine be stopped as a price for their support of British imperialism. . . . Under these circumstances, the new Commission to investigate the situation in Palestine, which has been decided upon by the British Cabinet, will have a very hard task to perform. It will try its best to please the Arabs and at the same time not to alienate the good will of the Jewish world. Unless the British authorities are convinced that Jewish support would be worth more than Arab opposition, they will not extend wholehearted approval of Jewish immigration into Palestine. It seems that the British are still seeking Arab support—Moslem support—to maintain the British Empire in India and other parts of the East and thus they have been overlooking Arab atrocities against the Jews. This policy has aided indirectly the policy of Arab terrorism. Now this terrorism has developed into a definite menace to British authority in Palestine and therefore the British are contemplating large-scale military operations against Arab terrorists and insurrectionists. But, after the suppression of the insurrection, it may happen that the British authorities, to preserve British imperial interests in India and other parts of the East, would side with the Arabs against the Jews. . . .

Whether the Jews will be able to establish their National Home in Palestine will largely depend upon the developments of world politics. For instance, if Great Britain decides to seek support of the Arabs in the Near East and also agrees to form an alliance with Hitler's Germany, then the ideal of the establishment of a Jewish National Home in Palestine would remain a dream.

London, England. TARAKNATH DAS.

A Vote for Landon

SIR: I shall vote for Landon because I believe that the world is becoming civilized at too rapid a rate for its own good, and a vote for Landon will be the most effective brake on that excessive speed.

New York City. JOE GOULD.

The Coöperative Congress

SIR: Your readers may like to have a report of what happened at the recent Coöperative League Congress at Columbus, Ohio. There were a thousand delegates and visitors, who represented directly 800,000 of the 2,000,000 members of American consumer coöperatives. Henry J. May, general secretary of the International Coöperative Alliance, traveled 4,000 miles to attend the sessions and to investigate the rapid growth of the consumer-coöperative movement here. Edward A. Filene, Boston merchant, declared his disagreement with the present system and stated his belief in a coöperative economy described tersely as a "consumer capitalism" without private profit or competition.

The general secretary of the Coöperative League of the U.S.A. reported the increase of coöperative purchase of farm supplies from $125,000,000 in 1929 to $250,000,000 in 1934 and a similar increase for other commodities. Business of the coöperatives reporting for the first six months of 1936 increased 13.8 percent over the sales for the same period in 1935.

More important than any of these factors was what might well be described as a triple-sacrifice play. John Edelman, research director of the American Federation of Hosiery Workers, was scheduled to address the congress on the relation of organized labor to consumer coöperation. Held up in Reading with a militia-chaperoned strike, he notified William Green, president of the A.F. of L., who

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sent to the convention a statement on labor's attitude toward co-operatives. The message, read by John F. McNamee, editor of The Brotherhood of Locomotive Enginemen and Firemen's Magazine, declared: "The American Federation of Labor is ready to work with any constructive movement for consumers' coöperation. We realize what coöperation can mean to wage-earners and are anxious to see a strong and lasting movement built up in this country." With labor squarely behind the development of consumer coöperatives it is possible that urban sections may well see a growth of coöperative organizations that will equal the tremendous development of farm consumer coöperatives.

No panacea seekers, the coöperative delegates listened eagerly to a discussion of the relation of consumer coöperation to: organized labor (William Green, A.F. of L.); organized farm producers (Robin Hood, secretary of the National Coöperative Marketing Council); consumer credit (Roy Bergengren, executive secretary of the Credit Union National Association); and public ownership (Carl Thompson, general secretary, Public Ownership League).

Buttressed by the sympathetic support of organized labor, the consumer movement counted as its friends several hundred members of the Christian Coöperative Fellowship, whose representatives met in Columbus immediately after the congress, and intellectual leaders of the caliber of Horace M. Kallen and Paul Douglas, who attended the sessions.

"Unofficial observers" from political and business associations also attended, in an attempt to appraise the potentialities of organized consumer action.

New York City. WALLACE J. CAMPBELL.

About Senator Norris

SIR: Information from Nebraska reveals the serious situation confronting Senator George W. Norris. This is largely due to his political independence and to misinformation and misrepresentation spread throughout the state by powerful political and financial forces. To counteract this only a short time and very limited resources are available.

This is not an appeal in the name of Senator Norris, who has never sought support from any source. It is a non-partisan statement of fact for the benefit of those who may voluntarily wish to help frustrate the forces combined to defeat an honorable, independent and exceptionally devoted and disinterested public servant. To this end contributions should be promptly sent to the treasurer of the campaign committee, Mr. W. E. Barkley, 220 Cornhusker Hotel, Lincoln, Nebraska.

RICHARD W. HOGUE, Director,
Washington, D. C. Independent Legislative Bureau.

Vox Pop

SIR: "Mencken the great American Menace," has a heart without guile, a mind imbued with intellectual honesty, the soul of honor, the greatest advocate of moral and credit conflation since "Thomas Paine." America is very fortunate indeed that such a rare mutation should rise as the cornerstone of a new rebirth of liberty and culture!

New York City. GEORGE STEVENS.

Aid for the Spanish Refugees

SIR: Thousands of Spanish refugees, forced to flee into France, are in desperate need of food, clothing and shelter. So far, America has not done her share in aiding the refugees. The International Bureau for Right of Asylum, whose headquarters is in Paris, is making an urgent appeal for them. The American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born, an affiliate of the International Bureau, has undertaken to raise $1,000 within a very short period for the purpose. We appeal to all readers of The New Republic to contribute as liberally as they can toward this sum. Send all contributions to American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MARIQUITA VILLARD, Vice-Chairman,
The American Committee for Protection
New York City. of Foreign Born.

A Biography of Debs

SIR: I am at work on a biography of Eugene V. Debs. There are undoubtedly many readers in your audience who not only knew Debs but who may also have valuable letters and documents. If these readers will be kind enough to lend me this material temporarily, including anecdotes and recollections of conversations, copies will be made and the originals returned immediately. Correspondence should be addressed to me, 119-20 Union Turnpike, Kew Gardens, N. Y.

Kew Gardens, N. Y. JOHN STUART.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

The Joint North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy informs us of a mass meeting to be held by them at Madison Square Garden in New York City, October 26, at 8 P.M., at which the speakers will be Isabella de Palencia, former Spanish delegate to the League of Nations, Marcellino Domingo, former Minister of Education and now president of the Left Republican Party, and Luis Sarasola, a Catholic priest well known as a scholar and writer. The chairmen will be Bishop Robert L. Paddock of the Episcopal Church and Dr. Harry F. Ward of the American League Against War and Fascism.

Peyton Conrad writes from Madison, Wisconsin, to censure President Roosevelt for applying the term "alien" to communism and other unspecified "isms," pointing out that as far as the United States is concerned capitalism, Catholicism, Methodism, Episcopalianism and many other creeds are equally alien. He says, though, that if the Communists really preferred Roosevelt to Landon they should have kept quiet about it, instead of giving the reactionaries a chance to fasten this "tag" on the President.

Two letters approving Waldo Frank's recent open letter to Léon Blum in The New Republic come from Louis Manusson of Philadelphia and James Elmore of Barr Lake, Colorado.

The national office of The American League Against War and Fascism appeals for volunteer research workers and writers who will assist them in getting out their semi-monthly bulletin, preparing bibliographies and assembling a research library.

Guy V. Price, of Kansas City, Missouri, and William A. Perlzweig, of Duke University, have written to protest Ernest Seeman's article on Duke in The New Republic for September 30. Mr. Price, a former student at Duke, feels that the buildings of the university are not unusually ornate, and says he experienced no atmosphere of coercion. Mr. Perlzweig denies in general the conclusions of Mr. Seeman's article and declares that "a large measure of tolerance and of free flow and exchange of ideas is flourishing at our University."

The American Friends of the Chinese People will open their school for Far Eastern Studies on October 28 at 168 West Twenty-third Street, New York City, and courses on Japan and China will be given by Dr. J. H. Lin and Mikio Kubota, so Manvil Rodgers, the director, writes us.

What's on the Air?

Stephen Vincent Benét discusses "American Poetry" on Magazine of the Air program. Friday, October 23, 11 A.M., C.B.S.

Julian Sawyer, candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, on program of Communist Party of New York State. Monday, October 26, 11 to 11:15 P.M., N.B.C.-Blue Network.

Dr. Arthur H. Compton, noted physicist, on "Science in the News" program. Tuesday, October 27, 6 to 6:15 P.M., N.B.C.-Red Network.

Ella Reeve (Mother) Bloor and others on program of the Communist Party of America. Friday, October 30, 10:45 to 11 P.M., N.B.C.-Red Network.

Election-eve broadcasts will be made by Governor Landon and Colonel Knox from 10 to 11 P.M., and by President Roosevelt and Vice President Garner from 11 to 12 midnight on Monday, November 2, over the Red Network of the National Broadcasting Company.

Election returns will be broadcast by both networks and virtually every station in the country at intervals throughout the evening of Tuesday, November 5.

All times given are Eastern Standard Time.

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Hamlet at the Empire

Hamlet. The Empire Theatre. October 8, 1936.

EVERY country or epoch or race or individual, when it comes to putting any given drama into theatre terms (play, acting, décor, et cetera) has a fresh problem. Even if we could, for example, give "Hamlet" exactly as Shakespeare's Elizabethan theatre gave it, the result would not be the same. In every case of its production we can measure the extent to which the play is alive and the theatre is alive by the new need to discover a theatrical body for this content. It was to be expected, then, that the eighteenth century should try to impose upon "Hamlet" the regulation of intellect, to pick out from its barbaric riot and abundant range the elements of order possible to it, and to further the logic and elegance within its passionate emphasis. The nineteenth century would go in for the romantic and tumultuous, turning, as the Victorian mode progressed, toward propriety, domestic virtue and soft bones. And our latter-day theatre would, among its divers approaches, lean most readily toward naturalism.

As method the naturalistic approach to Shakespeare consists in seeking out and stressing those elements that seem most immediately true to nature and thereby convincing. It follows at once, thereupon, that the personal, the emotional, the free and the direct will be underscored; that the presence of artifice is with difficulty admitted; and that wherever possible the effect of the natural and spontaneous will be introduced. To that end the formal, even to the extent of meter, may be sacrificed. Speeches will be read with pauses that suggest accesses of thought or analytical addenda. Passages once regarded as declamatory units (on the classical and romantic French stages *tirades)* or as set pieces (in opera *arias),* will be broken up to give the sense of personal conviction. Such artifices as may appear in structure, balance, rhythmic pattern, imagery and so on will be blurred to make their form less patent and their emotional pressure less confined. What it all amounts to is that among many aspects of Shakespeare you try to bring out the aspect of the natural. He can stand it. This approach and method is only one of the great variety of treatments for which he provides substance.

The natural, however, is of course implicit in all good drama. All dramatic art obviously rests on nature; in its qualification of plain nature its style appears. At the moment we should find that for the average man the more or less naturalistic is the approach most easily understood. After every one of these simplifications of the Shakespeare medium in the direction of the natural, there are people who declare that they never before found the play so alive and so real. The chances are they are right, and that a part of the occasion's success lies not only in the sense of freshness they receive, but also in the fact that what they get blinds them to what they miss.

It might seem at this point that the method to be used in producing "Hamlet" is entirely a matter of opinion and personal preference. In principle, however, there is one ultimate test for every and all methods. Ultimately this test remains within the play itself. So far as "Hamlet's" prosperity is concerned, the test of a method is the extent to which every part of the play is possible to the whole, is organic. The limitation of a method appears in the amount of the play's matter that is thrown off key or out of perspective by it. Having said that, we may add that it is clearly a matter of choice what we wish the play, regardless of its own entirety, to provide us with.

I do not mean, of course, to say that Mr. Guthrie McClintic has tried to turn "Hamlet" into realism, but merely to indicate the slant of his approach. He has brought Mr. John Gielgud from his London success and in both the cast and the décor has surrounded him most generously. The performance, taken entire, exhibits Mr. McClintic's chief characteristic: a kind of knack at cleaning up, of getting things moving along and through from start to finish. His "Hamlet" seems, so far as its continuity goes, to lag no more than if it were on the Elizabethan stage itself, a real achievement. The limitations of the production were otherwise. The texture of the play was greatly thinned down; there was a dwindling in poetry, in scope, in the scale of the witty, the grotesque and the lyric elements. The air of clarity was confusing. Much of that inexhaustible elusion disappeared from this life and circumstance which Hamlet could never solve, and from this play which Shakespeare could never write to his complete satisfaction. The result of the whole production was to make you realize all the more how much, beginning with the first line of the play, every resource is needed, every orchestral persuasion, if what follows—the death scene, the closet scene, the gravediggers, Ophelia's burial, and so on—is not to come off thin or twisted.

In outline Mr. Jo Mielziner's settings followed those of Mr. Robert Edmond Jones for the Barrymore "Hamlet," but differed in that they used real changes of scene. They were expert, ingenious and swift, dramatically not very profound, their poetry was slight, their tragic mood nil. The costumes, suggesting Van Dyke, Rubens, Frans Hals, were in a style I have not seen used before for Shakespeare. They were lavish and splendid, but better suited, I should think, for a Shakespeare comedy than for "Hamlet." What with all their shine and cascading, satins and laces, the queen dying in a velvet gown that somehow made you think of Marie de Medici and Mrs. Grant, these costumes seemed merely a sumptuous patter.

Miss Judith Anderson gave a performance of the queen in the main fair and masklike, shying off into gulps when the poetic style got too thick for her. The Polonius of Mr. Arthur Byron and Mr. Malcolm Keen's king were also fair enough. Miss Lillian Gish's Ophelia had the qualities we might expect of her: a certain unearthly air, fragile, pale glistering, with a touch of something like the mechanical, as of an automatic, trained, poignant doll.

Mr. Gielgud has a pleasing, often a moving voice, naturally placed. His diction is good, as is his metrical sense when he chooses to employ it; his stage movement is agreeable, if sometimes light. He comes off best in effects of feeling, spontaneity, freshness in the rendering, rather than in force, reflection, depth or a range and significance beyond the individual. He is best in the earlier scenes. The more complex and sustained scenes lack continuity and development. Through the play his reading of single lines is often beautiful.

STARK YOUNG.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Unfinished Symphony

JOSEPH FREEMAN for twenty years has been a citizen of two worlds, the bohemian and the revolutionary. Even in college he was leading this double life: on the one hand agreeing with his longer-haired professors that the pursuit of beauty is the Ultimate Good; on the other hand fighting for pacifism and free speech on the Columbia campus (and getting beaten up by a gang of patriotic C-men in the tunnel leading to the gymnasium). Beauty and justice, art and politics: the two ideals and the two careers have divided his life since graduation. On the one hand he had his wanderyears in Paris and London, his love affairs in and out of Greenwich Village, his problems as editor of a magazine for intellectuals, his Russian honeymoon—in a word, he followed the same life pattern as most of the middling-successful writers now nearing forty. But on the other hand his geographical and spiritual pilgrimage to Lenin's tomb was not a fashionably late conversion. Back in the New Era when abstract poets were wondering whether it mightn't be easy to make a fortune in the Street, Joe Freeman was already a member of the Communist Party. In Greenwich Village he was teaching English to a class of immigrant workers, with "The Communist Manifesto" as his primer; in Moscow he was not a mere tourist but a responsible translator for the Comintern. Indeed, his essential position has always been that of a translator and intermediary—one who explained to artists the ways of radical politicians, and explained to radical politicians the feeding and fighting and mating habits of the queer unfeathered birds that nested in the arts.

"An American Testament"[1] is the story of his long effort to make a synthesis of his two lives. Art and politics have never been farther apart than during the 1920's. Most of the artists then believed that political effort was not only useless but would cheapen their careers, and not a few of the left-wing politicians were suspicious of any activity that did not point obviously and immediately toward the Workers' State. This is a difference that is being healed with time. But Freeman also learned to recognize another difference, one that has always existed between the politician as a type and the poet as a type. It seemed to him "that for all his orations, statements and interviews, the politician, regardless of the class he represented, could not function effectively without reticence; while the poet, reactionary or radical, however taciturn he might be in personal contact, could not function without utterance. The politician must conceal, the poet reveal"—and Freeman was afraid that politics would choke off his poetry. But even this fear was gradually forgotten, and the moment came when he established a connection between the two sides of his life. It was after a Communist parade in Berlin where Freeman had marched in the front rank beside Thaelmann and had come within two inches of being killed by the guns of the Green Police. In the hour of elation that follows danger, he decided that his poetic talent, his literary training, whatever gifts he might possess, must all be placed at the service of the revolutionary movement.

It was a fruitful solution to the dilemma that faced him, but in reading this long record of his life one feels that it was something less than a perfect synthesis. A poet and revolutionary might integrate himself as a revolutionary poet (like Mayakovsky, for example), or again as a poetic revolutionist, one who has the power to handle groups of men as a poet handles words (and one thinks of Luis Quintanilla, the greatest living Spanish etcher, organizing and leading the militia in their vain attack against the Alcazar). Or yet again, a radical politician might write tracts like some of Lenin's, with the form and sweep and directness of great poems. But Freeman has found none of these solutions. He has chosen wisely to subordinate certain elements of his life to certain others, but his book shows that there is still a muted conflict between them.

It is a poet's book primarily. The whole idea of revealing one's reasons for living is a poet's idea; the thorough politician takes them for granted. But Freeman in writing about his own motives has to labor under a self-imposed political censorship. He cannot reveal incidents that are too damaging to his own party, and neither, in this personal record, can he too deeply offend its enemies. He has to be wary and tolerant, even toward Max Eastman; he has to choose his words, like President Roosevelt speaking in Governor Landon's home state. In spite of this limitation, he makes you feel that he has written a completely honest book, without swagger or deception. Sometimes he has to change names or places in order to protect living people, and yet in the end he gets everything said. But in the process he loses something of the fire, the indignation, the reckless enthusiasm that a poet's narrative might have had. One feels that he has written most of the book with his prose or political mind—that it deals too much with matters of record and lacks the power of evocation often shown in his poems. For this reason, perhaps, one feels that its 650 pages might have been reduced by a third.

The second half of the book is much more interesting than the first. Here Freeman is dealing not only with his personal dilemmas (and those of the American intellectual as a species) but also with the general day-to-day life that is led in the second of his two worlds. His material will be fresh to most of his readers. We have all read about what might be called the external relations of the Communists—their battles and truces with the capitalist state—but Freeman is almost the only American writer who has described their strictly domestic concerns. He writes about love affairs in the Central Executive Committee, about baseball games between the American and the Korean delegates to the Comintern—and he makes us feel, beneath this ebullience, the terrible urgency of the battle between Trotsky and Stalin as it was fought in 1926. His intimate picture of communism is friendly but not flattering. One gets the impression that professional radicals, when they forgather in Moscow, are not vastly different from Y.M.C.A. secretaries at their own conventions. But among the revolutionary bureaucrats, those whose tongues are sore because "for nine months they have been licking the wrong boots," one also senses the presence of other men and women, busy, quiet, wearing their years in prison or their escapes from a firing squad like a halo visible to everyone but themselves. These are the people who justify Freeman for his change of worlds.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

[1] An American Testament: A Narrative of Rebels and Romantics, by Joseph Freeman. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 678 pages. $3.

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The English Novelists, by Twenty Contemporary Novelists. Edited by Derek Verschoyle. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 334 pages. $2.50.

Derek Verschoyle, literary editor of The Spectator, organized this volume because he felt that there has been, with the exception of an outdated book by Professor Raleigh, no comprehensive study of the development of English fiction for readers "reasonably well acquainted with the outlines of the subject and appreciative of good criticism." Mr. Verschoyle got nineteen contemporaries to help him produce his book, and the result is as clever and jangling as you would expect it to be. Some of the essays are very good; it is hard to imagine Bonamy Dobrée and Edwin Muir doing poor work; and there are good contributions by some of the less known younger men, such as V. S. Pritchett, Arthur Calder-Marshall and Frederic Prokosch (who surprisingly proves to be a Chaucerian scholar, too). But in spite of some brilliant sections, including some good technical discussions of the problems of writing, the book on the whole is meaningless, with its authors writing at different paces and from different approaches—and at different levels of ability.

H. T. M.

America's Young Men: Volume II, edited by Durward Howes. Los Angeles: Richard Blank Publishing Company. 722 pages. $10.

The Who's Who among outstanding men under forty-five in America, revised from the original 1934 edition to include about 2,000 additional biographies, a geographical index and an occupational index.

Contributors

ABRAHAM EPSTEIN, whose most recent book is "Insecurity: A Challenge to America," has been executive secretary of the American Association for Social Security, Inc., since 1927.

HAMILTON BASSO, born in Louisiana, has worked as a newspaper man in New Orleans and New York; he now lives in the North Carolina mountains. His fourth novel, "Courthouse Square," is being published this week by Scribner's.

JOHN CHEEVER'S first article was printed in The New Republic five years ago. Since then he has written stories for The Atlantic Monthly, The Yale Review, Story, The New Yorker and other magazines.

OWEN LATTIMORE is editor of Pacific Affairs, a quarterly published by the Institute of Pacific Relations. His books include "The Mongols of Manchuria," "High Tartary" and "Manchuria, Cradle of Conflict."

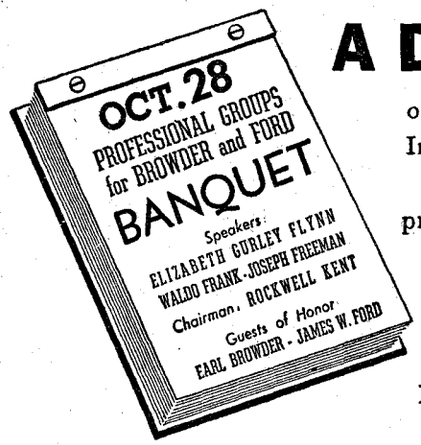
R. P. BLACKMUR, a former editor of The Hound and Horn, has contributed poetry and literary criticism to The New Republic and other magazines.

GERALDINE SARTAIN, who was born in California and began her newspaper career in San Francisco, has done newspaper work in Hawaii, China and Europe in addition to her recent years in journalism in New York City.

GRANVILLE HICKS, biographer of John Reed and author of "The Great Tradition," is now working on a book that will interpret the history of English literature during the past fifty years.

T. S. MATTHEWS' second novel, "The Moon's No Fool," was published this fall by Random House. At present he is making a short vacation trip to Europe.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Grace Adams and Harry Thornton Moore.



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